



CRIME and JUSTICE

No 19

you can't get away with murder!

CRIME

10¢

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

AND JUSTICE

THE KNIFE COMES DOWN ON YOU
---A HELPLESS GIRL. YOU SCREAM
YOUR LAST BUT NO ONE WILL HEAR
YOU IN TIME!



YOU TURN THE CORNER OF A LONELY
DESERTED STREET AT NIGHT--AND
COME FACE TO FACE WITH A THUG
HOLDING A GUN! IT'S YOUR LIFE OR
YOUR MONEY--PROBABLY **BOTH!**



YOU WALK THROUGH THE PARK AT
NIGHT--BUT THAT'S YOUR **LAST** MIS-
TAKE! FOR DARTING OUT OF THE
SHADOWS COME MUGGERS TO ROB
AND KILL!





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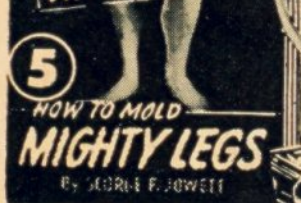
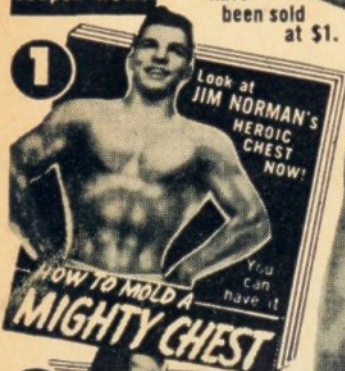
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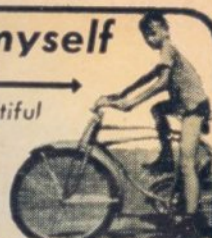
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HE-MAN!

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**GAINED
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MUSCLES!

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CRIME AND JUSTICE

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CRIME AND JUSTICE

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS
 EMI die this crazy comic • HAUNTED • HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • ZOO FUNNIES
 LASH LARUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • RACKET SQUAD • SIX-GUN HEROES
 ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES
 SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TWINS • THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

A JEWEL ROBBERY---A DUEL ON A FIRE-ESCAPE---AN ART AUCTION---A DEATH-DEFYING CAR CHASE---A FIGHT ON AN OCEAN LINER, AND MR. AND MRS. CHASE FOUND THE CASE OF THEIR LIVES IN A GAMBLE TO FIND A MURDERER IN A FRANTIC ENCOUNTER THEY CALLED...

CASE OF THE **GREEDY CROOKS**

YOU'RE CHASING ME FOR THE LAST TIME, SNOOPER! THIS IS THE PAY-OFF!

DON'T COUNT ON IT, FENTON!---NOT WHILE I'M STILL ALIVE AND KICKING!



IT'S A VERY UNUSUAL EVENING, FOR MR. AND MRS. CHASE. THEY'RE ACTUALLY HAVING A QUIET EVENING AT HOME ...

HO-HUM...THINK I'LL GO TO BED! THIS DETECTIVE STORY IS DULL!

YOU STILL HAVEN'T ANSWERED MY QUESTION, CURTIS. AM I GOING TO GET THAT MONEY FOR A NEW HAT?



SUDDENLY---

A NEW CASE! LET'S GO, MY SWEET!

WHAT WAS THAT!

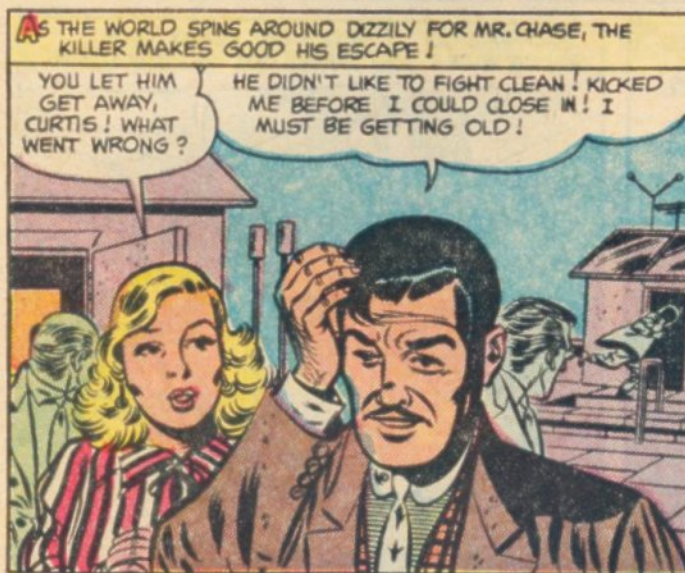
EEEEEEEEEEEEEE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE



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CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE TWO CARS ROAR THROUGH THE CITY IN A DEATH-DEFYING CHASE!

STEP ON IT, SWEETHEART! WE'LL TRY AND CUT 'EM OFF AT THE NEXT INTERSECTION!



IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, CURTIS! THEY'RE HEADING THE OTHER WAY!



I ALMOST FORGOT! YOU NEVER DID GET YOUR DRIVER'S LICENCE!

OH, YES I DID! I GOT IT YESTERDAY--- AND I WANTED TO SURPRISE YOU!



ONE WRONG TURN ---AND WE'LL LOSE THEM AS WELL! HOLD ON! I'M OPENING UP!

YOU'VE SURPRISED ME, BABY! PLEASE---PLEASE---STEER STRAIGHT!



EASY, HONEY! THAT'S A POLICE SQUAD CAR IN FRONT OF US! HEY--THE NUMBSKULL IS BLOCKING OUR PATH!

OOOHH! AFTER ALL OUR HARD WORK!

WHERE'S THE FIRE? SLOW DOWN AND STOP! I'M TAKING YOU IN!

NOW I'VE SEEN EVERYTHING!

MEN! I HATE THEM!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

AN HOUR LATER, IN THE HEADQUARTERS OF INSPECTOR MULWANEY, AN ANGRY FEMALE RAVES AND RANTS...

HOW STUPID CAN YOU BE? JUST WHEN WE HAD THE CROOKS IN OUR HANDS, YOUR FOOLISH MEN HAD TO STOP US!

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! SAINTS PRESERVE US! SO ONE OF MY MEN MADE A MISTAKE!

NOT ONLY THAT -- BUT MY POOR HUSBAND HAD TO HAVE HIS CRANIUM MASSAGED BESIDES! JUST WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THEM!

HUSH UP, BABY. THE HARM'S DONE! FENTON AND HIS GANG OF THIEVES ARE FAR AWAY BY THIS TIME!



BUT ALL THE SOOTHING IN THE WORLD CAN'T STILL MERRY CHASE'S ANGER. AND AFTERWARDS--AS SHE'S ABOUT TO OPEN THE DOOR OF THEIR APARTMENT...

WHAT WE WOMEN HAVE TO PUT UP WITH! YOU MEN JUST DON'T HAVE THE BRAINS TO LET US WOMEN FIX EVERYTHING!

YES, DEAR. BUT DON'T WORRY-- FENTON IS THROUGH NOW THAT WE KNOW HE'S A CROOK!



BUT JUST AS THEY OPEN THE DOOR----

WHAT THE--

ANOTHER CROOK!



NOT ANOTHER CROOK, SWEETIE! IT'S THE SAME ONE!

HOLD HIM WHILE I CROWN HIM!



HE'S OBJECTING--!



I DON'T LIKE PEOPLE WHO OBJECT! HE WAS PLANTING STOLEN JEWELRY HERE!

UGHH-HH!



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NIGHT--BUT THAT'S YOUR **LAST** MIS-
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SHADOWS COME MUGGERS TO ROB
AND KILL!



URGH-HH!

THIS IS THE BEAT TEX AND BARRY, THE RADIO SQUAD PARTNERS AGAINST CRIME, HAD TO PATROL WITH
EVER-CONSTANT VIGILANCE, FOR LURKING IN THE SHADOWS OF NIGHT WAS A TERROR THAT WAITED TO KILL
---A TERROR THE TWO GRIM MEN KNEW ONLY IN---

THE DEATH WATCH!

THERE IT IS, TEX, THE GUY'S ON THE
SIDEWALK, ELM AND FISKE STREETS.

THE FOURTH KILLING IN TWO WEEKS, BARRY.
AND WE'RE NO WISER THAN BEFORE.



CRIME AND JUSTICE

THE TWO GRIM SQUAD COPS SHOULDER THEIR WAY THROUGH THE NUMBED CROWD. THE TERROR HAS STRUCK AND VANISHED AGAIN!



ONE SIDE! OKAY---
EVERYONE STAND BACK!

ANYONE KNOW
THIS MAN?



YES...HE'S...WAS MISTER
WALTERS. LIVED NEXT
DOOR TO MOTHER AND
ME. SOMEONE MUST HAVE
ROBBED HIM. HIS WALLET'S
GONE!

HMMM...SHOT
THROUGH THE
TEMPLE BY WHAT
LOOKS LIKE A
.22 BORE!



I SUPPOSE NO ONE
ELSE HEARD ANYTHING!
YOU ALL HAVE AIR-TIGHT
ALIBIES?

YEAH! AN' DON'T TRY TO
SCARE US, COPPERS!
WE KNOW NUTHIN'
'BOUT A KILLING!

TEX AND BARRY MAKE A SYSTEMATIC SWEEP OF ALL SUSPECTS IN THE AREA. BUT NEXT DAY AT THE LINEUP...



THEY'RE CLEAN, BOYS. YOUR
SUSPECTS ARE AS "WHITE AS
THE DRIVEN SNOW"---SO THEY
CLAIM! LOOKS LIKE YOU'LL
HAVE TO START AGAIN!

GUESS WE HAVE
NO CHOICE, CHIEF.
BUT I'VE GOT AN
IDEA! COME ON,
BARRY!

WASTING NO TIME, THE TWO PARTNERS SPEED THROUGH THE CITY TOWARDS THE FILTHIEST PART OF THE CITY---THE WATERFRONT SLUMS...



WHY THE
SUDDEN
RUSH, TEX?
WHAT'S
YOUR HUNCH?

I GOT AN IDEA MAW ADAMS CAN
HELP US. SHE KNOWS EVERY-
THING THAT'S HAPPENING IN
THE UNDERWORLD! AND THIS
CRIME-WAVE IS NO
EXCEPTION!

BUT AN HOUR LATER---AS THEY FACE MAW ADAMS...



SORRY, BOYS. I'D LOVE TO HELP THE CITY'S FINEST--
BUT THIS ONE BEATS ME! WHOEVER'S BEHIND IT
HAS GOT IT ORGANIZED!
I'LL KEEP MY EARS AN'
EYES OPEN FER YA
THOUGH!

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH
FOR US, MAW.
THANKS!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

LATER---OUTSIDE...

MY ERROR, GUY, WE'RE IN A BLIND ALLEY AGAIN!

NOW LET'S PLAY MY HUNCH, TEX, THE POOL-ROOMS AND THE HOOD-DIVES!



THEN AS TEX MOVES TOWARDS THE BACK-ROOM OF THE POOL-ROOM...

LET'S JUST TAKE A PEEK IN HERE, MIGHT BE SOMEONE WE KNOW!



AFTER WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS, THE TWO REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS TO FIND...

THEY'RE OPENIN' THEIR EYES! WOW! SOME CLUNKS ON THE HEADS!

UGH-HH...MY HEAD FEELS LIKE AN OVER-RIPE LEMON! TEX--YOU ALL RIGHT?



THE HOURS TICK BY ON THE DEATH-WATCH---THE HOURS BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND DAWN--AS THE TWO PARTNERS MAKE THE HOODLUM ROUNDS...

ONE MORE TO GO AFTER THIS ONE, TEX, WE'LL CALL IT A NIGHT THEN.

KEEP YOUR GUN-HAND READY, WE MIGHT HAVE SOME TOUGH CUSTOMERS INSIDE!



BUCKERS!

UGH-HH!



YEAH--A NASTY LUMP ON THE HEAD, BARRY, BUT MY GUN'S GONE!

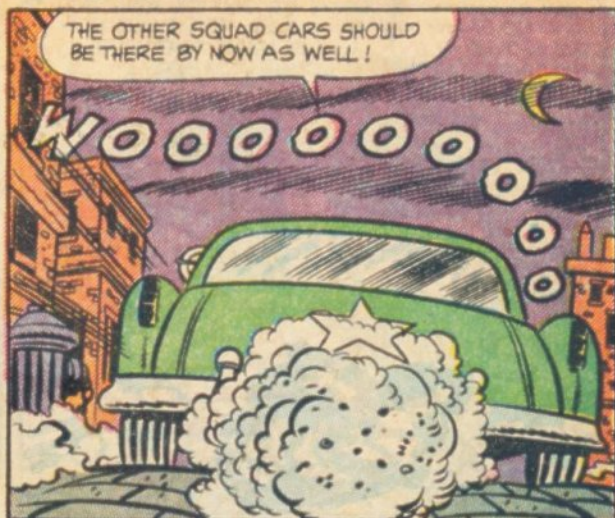
GET TO THE RADIO--QUICK! I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THE LIGHT!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

SECONDS AFTERWARDS -- INSIDE THEIR SQUAD CAR -- THE TWO PALS LISTEN TO A NUMBING MESSAGE!

MINUTES LATER THE POLICE SQUAD CAR ROARS THROUGH THE CITY STREETS -- SIREN WAILING AND ENGINE RACING!



INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE SOME TWENTY MINUTES LATER...



WORKING ON THE CLUE THAT THE WAREHOUSE ROBBERY IS THE EXTRA-CURRICULAR ACTIVITY OF THE GANG OF KILLERS TERRORIZING THE NEIGHBORHOODS AT NIGHT, TEX AND BARRY PICK UP THEIR SUSPECTS THE NEXT FEW DAYS...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

THEN, ONE SUCH NIGHT-PICK-UP, THEY HIT---PAYDIRT!



GET IN, KID -- AND NO BACK-TALK! THIS IS JUST A ROUTINE HAUL!

LEAVE ME GO! YOU AIN'T GOT NUTHIN' ON ME! I WUZ NO-WHERE NEAR THAT WAREHOUSE ROBBERY!

HOW DID YOU **KNOW** WE WERE PICKING YOU UP ON THE WAREHOUSE ROBBERY, KID?

I--HEARD IT AROUND!

YOU'RE LYIN', SONNY! SO HELP ME--WE'LL THROW THE BOOK AT YOU IF YOU DON'T COME CLEAN!



OKAY...B-BUT I HAD NOTHIN' TO DO WITH IT! LENNIE NOLAN RUNS THE GANG! HE'S THE GUY YA WANT! HONEST! REMEMBER--I AIN'T TOLD YA ANYTHIN'!

MAYBE, KID. BUT WE'RE SURE GOING TO CHECK! LET'S GO!

LEAVING THE UNIT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS TO QUESTION THEIR SUSPECT, TEX AND BARRY SPEED TOWARDS THE EMPTY LOT NEAR THE WATERFRONT AREA THEY NOW KNOW TO BE THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE NOLAN GANG. AND MOMENTS LATER...



HOLD IT! FREEZE RIGHT WHERE YOU ARE!

THE BULLS!

THE WOOLY GANG OF TEEN-AGERS SCATTER AS THE SQUAD CAR MOUNTS THE SIDE-WALK AND HEADS INTO THE EMPTY LOT...



GET THAT SPOT-LIGHT! SHOOT IT OUT!

STOP--OR WE'LL SHOOT!



GO AHEAD--GIVE IT TO 'EM!

WATCH IT, BARRY! THEY MEAN BUSINESS!



SO DO WE! HERE'S A WARNING BURST!

TAT-TAT
ZING
TAT-TAT
ZING

CRIME AND JUSTICE

LOSING NO TIME, THE TWO PARTNERS ROUND UP THE DEFIANT DELINQUENTS!



BUT THE WILEY TEEN-AGE LEADER RUNS UPSTAIRS...



AND LATER, AT HEADQUARTERS, WHEN THE GANG HAS BEEN ROUNDED UP...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

THIS IS THE END

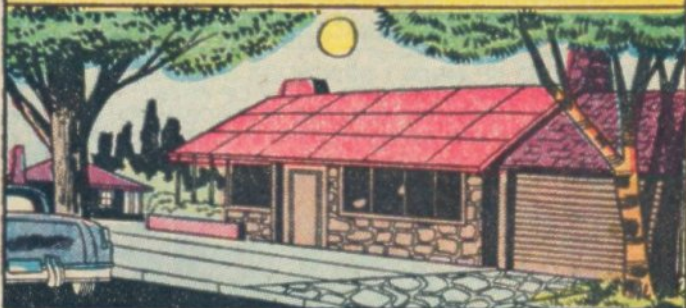
DIDN'T THINK...**(GASP)** ... I'D MAKE IT--BUT HERE I AM! I'M STANDING RIGHT ACROSS FROM HIS HOUSE, WAITING FOR HIM TO COME FROM THE STATION... JUST LIKE I DREAMED A MILLION TIMES...



"I'VE GOT A GUN IN MY MITT--AND THE SAFETY'S OFF! HE DOESN'T KNOW I'M WAITING FOR HIM...HE THINKS I'M STILL IN THE **DEATH HOUSE!** HE THINKS HE'S SAFE..."



"THAT'S HIS HOUSE---BET HIS WIFE IS INSIDE MAKING SUPPER FOR HIM RIGHT NOW. A STEW, MAYBE, WITH SOME SALAD AND HOT COFFEE AND PIE TO TOP IT OFF. HE'LL NEVER EAT THAT MEAL---NEVER! THIS GUN IN MY MITT SAYS HE'LL DIE BEFORE HE EVER REACHES THE DOOR! **BRRR**--- IT'S COLD OUT HERE..."



WHAT AM I TALKING ABOUT--**COLD?** THIS IS THE MIDDLE OF AUGUST! GUESS I GOT THE SHAKES...**HMPF**... WHO'D EVER HAVE DREAMED THAT ME, **MONK ANDERSON**, WOULD EVER WIND UP IN A CON'S SUIT OUTSIDE A FLAT-FOOT'S HOUSE, WAITING TO PLUG HIM...?



ME, MONK ANDERSON, WHO WAS ON TOP OF THE RACKETS!

YA DIDN'T HAVETA KILL 'IM, BOSS!

I HADDA... AND I'LL KILL ANYBODY ELSE WHO TRIES TO HORN IN ON ME!



ARGHHH!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

WHERE I WAS ON TOP OF THE WORLD! BUT THEN THE D.A. GOT THIS BRIGHT IDEA OF HIS!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE THIS ASSIGNMENT, ROURKE. WE'RE OFFERING IT TO YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE A RAW ROOKIE. THERE'S NOT A GANSTER IN TOWN WHO KNOWS YOUR FACE...



ROURKE CAME DOWN TO THE BAR WHERE MOST OF MY GANG HUNG OUT...

I'M LOOKING FOR CONNECTIONS. YOU KNOW ANYBODY WHO NEEDS A GOOD TRIGGER-MAN?



I NEEDED MEN BAD! THAT'S WHY I DIDN'T CHECK ROURKE THE WAY I SHOULD'VE. THAT WAS WHY I LET HIM COME ALONG WITH ME ON THE BANNON JOB...



WHAT THE...?

I'M A COP, MONK! I THOUGHT I'D BE ABLE TO STOP YOU FROM KILLING BANNON-- BUT I COULDN'T! BUT NOW I HAVE WHAT I'VE BEEN AFTER ALL THE TIME-- A MURDER RAP ON YOU!



THEY HAD AN AIRTIGHT CASE--THE TRIAL WENT FAST! I WOUND UP IN A DEATH CELL...

WHATSAMATTER, MONK---YOU HAVING THAT DREAM AGAIN?

LAY OFF, WILL YA-- LAY OFF!



NOW HERE I AM--OUTTA THE DEATH CELL! THEY'LL GET ME BACK! I KNOW THEY'LL GET ME BACK-- BUT BEFORE THEY DO, I'M GONNA KILL ROURKE! I'M GONNA EMPTY THIS GUN INTO HIS--



HERE HE COMES!!



NO, MONK, PLEASE---- I HAVE A WIFE AND... AAARGH!



I SHOT HIM! I SHOT HIM!

ONLY THING YOU SHOT WAS YOUR BOLT! YOU'VE BEEN HAVING THAT NUTTY DREAM AGAIN... NOW UP ON YOUR FEET--IT'S TIME TO GO TO THE ELECTRIC CHAIR! THIS IS THE END!



THE END



The Half Double Cross

Captain Carlos Ramriez seemed quite content as he sat in an easy chair on the pier. His good and fast boat was tied up, and he was trying to get a bit of rest. He wore a pair of white trousers, a sport shirt and a captain's white hat. He opened one of his eyes and became aware of the presence of four men standing in front of him.

"Such a beautiful dream, I just had, senores. A wonderful woman met me and was about to give me her telephone number. I think I go back and dream again and get that number before she meets another gentleman."

John Russell couldn't help smiling as he heard the little story. He looked at his three companions as though to say that this was their man.

"They tell me that you have the fastest boat in all Cuba," began John Russell. "I should like to hire your boat for a few days for myself and my three friends. We want to take a fishing trip. We will pay you well."

Captain Carlos Ramriez arose from his chair and pointed to his ship.

"Suppose we come into my cabin and discuss the details, senores. If we talk here, then perhaps the fish will overhear what has been said. Then maybe they warn other fish not to be where our boat is to be."

Inside the large and comfortable cabin of the boat, the Captain looked very carefully at his four guests.

"I do not think you are sportsmen interested in getting big fish out of the ocean. To my eye and mind I think you would all like to land somewhere on the Florida keys. If I am wrong, then correct me. If not, let us get down to terms."

"He's no fool," interrupted Sam Morgan, one of the men. "So we can tell him what we want. We want to get to the United States. The Florida keys will do. How much do you want?"

"For the four of you? The small amount of twenty-five-hundred dollars in American money, paid before we leave."

"How do we know you won't double cross us?" demanded John Russell. "You could take our money and get conveniently lost, or have a breakdown."

"Madre mia," snapped back Captain Ramriez. "Are we children to play games? You came to me because you know what I really do for a living. As for the double cross, did you notice the name of my beloved ship. I have called her 'Half Double Cross'. If I say you get to the United States, that is a guarantee upon the word of a Ramriez. You will get there even if the devil himself has to be fought!"

"I would like to know just what you would do if a United States Coast Guard ship were to stop you," demanded Peter Menter, a third member of the party.

"I know all the tricks of my trade," retorted the Captain. "Each of you will sign aboard this boat as an able-bodied seaman. If you do not have the necessary papers, I will procure perfect forgeries for you. Should we be stopped, you are my crew. And who am I? I am Captain Carlos Ramriez, son of the great and wealthy planter, Don Jaime Ramriez. In my possession I have a letter from the President of the great republic of Cuba. We have no dangers that I can't meet with my wonderful brain."

CRIME & JUSTICE

The boat was about to leave the pier, when a small man jumped aboard. He darted down the hatchway, but not before the keen eyes of John Russell spotted him.

"Who is that man?" he demanded of Captain Ramriez. "I thought we were to be alone on the boat. Put him ashore at once."

"This I cannot do according to the law," lamented the Captain. "He is Pedro, known as the dumb one. But he holds an engineer's helper's license. I must have such a man to help me take care of the boat. And when I sleep, senores, he will take the wheel. So please do not worry about his presence aboard. I will tell you a secret. He also owns half interest in this ship."

Pedro was a good cook and waited on the four men. It was after their supper and before they retired that John Russell held a conference with his three companions.

"The Captain is too clever for us. We will have to shoot him as soon as we land on the American shore. We can take no chances that anything goes wrong with our mission. As for Pedro, we will feed him to the sharks. Then, when we approach close enough to shore, we will sink the boat by opening the valve and letting water come right in. This will remove all trace of how we came here. There are life preservers for us. We head for shore and then dry out our clothing. The money and papers are in water-tight belts, so there is no fear of them being damaged by the salt water. When the boat does not return to Cuba, perhaps it will not be missed. And should they look for it, they will never find it."

"The salt air sort of makes me feel sleepy," said Sam Morgan. "We'll need every bit of energy for the work we are going to do. I haven't been in the United States for fifteen years. Wonder if things have changed much? Suppose we all hit the hay now and let the fool Captain and Pedro enjoy their brief span of life on this earth."

The four men had a perfect night of sleep in the cabin. Above, on the deck, Captain Ramriez was at the wheel, and Pedro was at his side, listening to words of wisdom and philosophy.

"How beautiful is the morning. See the sun as she comes up to bid us all welcome. Too bad in the hearts of those four men there is evil. They would double cross me and kill the two of us. It is good you did what I ordered and drugged their food so they slept well. Give them a hearty breakfast. We are but forty miles from the American coast, and things will soon happen."

The four men ate their breakfast and then came up to the deck. John Russell produced an

automatic gun and came right to the business end of the affair.

"From this point on, I can handle the boat. You will be dead in one minute, and your friend Pedro will follow you. The irony of life, I suppose. It is we who do the double cross."

"Only half of a double cross," retorted Captain Ramriez. "For this is mutiny. You planned to do this to me, your capitán! How dare you? You shall all hang for this. Mutiny on the high seas!"

John Russell pulled the trigger of his gun and nothing happened. Then the four men found themselves facing a revolver in the hand of Pedro.

"It is a very good gun you have, Senor Russell. But while you were tight asleep last night Pedro removed the powder from the bullets. I shall tie you all up and send out a call for help to the nearest American Coast Guard ship. I shall tell them my crew mutinied."

Commander Walter Levinton of the Coast Guard ship looked at the four prisoners before him and then turned to the F.B.I. agent at his side.

"If these four men did commit mutiny on the high seas, then this serious case is for us. We will try them first, and if they are guilty, we shall hang them. However, if they are enemy agents, their lives will be spared. But first I must listen to the evidence."

"You must hang them," shouted Captain Ramriez. "I planted a microphone in their cabin and made a tape recording. I will play it for you. You can hear in their own words how they planned to kill me and Pedro. And when they almost did so, again you will hear their words. I had another microphone at my wheel."

The four men were startled as a small tape recorder was produced, and they heard their own plotting reproduced. John Russell looked at his three companions. They had a choice of trial, with death as the penalty, or a trial with a prison term.

"We are enemy agents from abroad," he began, as he realized the best laid plans of men go astray. "I will tell you everything if we are not tried for mutiny on the high seas."

Commander Walter Levinton and the F.B.I. man were aboard the "Half Double Cross." Pedro had found his tongue.

"How long do we continue with this set-up? Navy counter-intelligence certainly had a brainstorm when they figured this one up for us two. We got a batting average of one thousand! Can't we get a rest?"

"A man using the name of Marc Alonzo will fly to Cuba next week," replied the F.B.I. man. "We will steer him to your boat. Continue the perfect work. But watch him. He's a knife boy."

The End

CRIME AND JUSTICE

NEVER TAKE A CHANCE

THIS IS THE TRUE STORY OF EDDIE "LUCKY" LANG, A GAMBLER WHO NEVER BELIEVED IN TAKING A CHANCE. BORN IN THE SAN FRANCISCO SLUMS, HE LEARNED, AT A VERY EARLY AGE, THE SLUM PHILOSOPHY: TO GET ALONG, YOU HAVE TO BE TOUGHER THAN THE NEXT GUY! AND IF YOU CAN'T BE TOUGHER --- YOU HAVE TO BE SMARTER!

GAMBLING WAS THE NATURAL PASTIME FOR KIDS BROUGHT UP IN THE SAN FRANCISCO SLUMS BACK IN 1920.

IT'S YOUR TURN TO CALL, EDDIE.

HEADS!



YOU WIN AGAIN! IT'S THE THIRD DAY IN A ROW YOU WON ALL OUR DOUGH! NO WONDER THEY CALL YOU "LUCKY" EDDIE!

AND I'LL GO ON BEING LUCKY, AS LONG AS I CAN THINK UP THINGS LIKE GETTING A PENNY WITH TWO HEADS ON IT!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

AND AS EDDIE GREW, SO DID THE GAMES HE "GAMBLER" IN.

INSTEAD OF PLAYING FOR PENNIES, THE STAKES NOW WERE DOLLARS!



WOW! THAT'S THE TENTH 7 HE'S ROLLED IN A ROW! LUCKY'S CLEANED OUT THE GAME!

THESE CREEPS DON'T KNOW THE MEANING OF LOADING DICE!



BUT ONE NIGHT---

TOO BAD THAT NONE OF YOU GUYS HAVE ANY MONEY LEFT. I'M REALLY GOING TO-NIGHT.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE DICE, LUCKY!



WHAT FOR? ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY I PULLED A FAST ONE?

I JUST SAID LET'S SEE THOSE DICE!



I'M NOT SHOWING YOU ANYTHING. AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

DON'T GET TOUGH WITH ME!



I WANT TO SEE THOSE DICE, AND I'M GOING TO!

--OW!



JUST AS I FIGURED-- LOADED!



FIRST I'M GONNA TAKE OUR DOUGH BACK-- THEN I'M GONNA BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR BODY.

I WARN YOU--- STAND BACK!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

AND AS SMOKEY CLOSED IN ---



THIS TOWN'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY HOT FOR ME; I'D BETTER BLOW!



THE FIRST GUY TO GET BETWEEN ME AND THAT DOOR GETS THIS BROKEN BOTTLE FLUSH IN HIS KISSER!



A FEW DAYS LATER, SMOKEY DIED FROM THE BLOW ON HIS HEAD, AND THE POLICE STARTED TO SEARCH SAN FRANCISCO FOR THE MURDERER. BUT BY THIS TIME "LUCKY" EDDIE WAS IN TEXAS WITH THE NEW LOOK!



NOBODY WILL EVER RECOGNIZE ME WITH THIS RED HAIR!

SURE NICE OF YOU GENTLEMEN TO INVITE ME TO JOIN YOUR GAME.

DON'T MENTION IT, SON. WHAT HAVE YOU GOT THIS TIME?



4 ACES!

I RECKON THAT BUSTS UP THE GAME. WE'RE ALL CLEANED OUT. YOU SURE ARE THE LUCKIEST GAMBLER WE ALL EVER MET!



BUT AS EDDIE REACHED FOR HIS MONEY---



HOLD ON--- WHAT'S THAT?

CRIME AND JUSTICE



"LUCKY" EDDIE GOT AWAY ALL RIGHT. BUT A FEW DAYS LATER, HIS VICTIM DIED OF A BRAIN CONCUSSION. THE SIMILARITY OF THIS CASE ATTRACTED THE ATTENTION OF THE F.B.I. AND THEY TOOK ON THE CASE. BUT BY NOW "LUCKY" EDDIE WAS IN FLORIDA.



CRIME AND JUSTICE

A GUY'S A SUCKER TO TAKE A CHANCE, IF HE CAN HAVE A SURE THING!



ALL I GOT TO DO IS MAKE SURE ONE CAN'T WIN AND BET ALL MY DOUGH ON THE OTHER!



I'D LIKE TO TAKE A LOOK AT BLUEBOY. MY PRESS CARD'S IN MY HAT!

O.K. GO AHEAD IN!



THIS SHOT OF DOPE WILL SLOW BLUEBOY DOWN TO A WALK. NOW I'LL BET ALL MY DOUGH ON HAIRSPRING AND MAKE A KILLING!



SOON C'MON, BLUEBOY!

LOOK AT THEM GO-- THEY'RE NECK AND NECK!

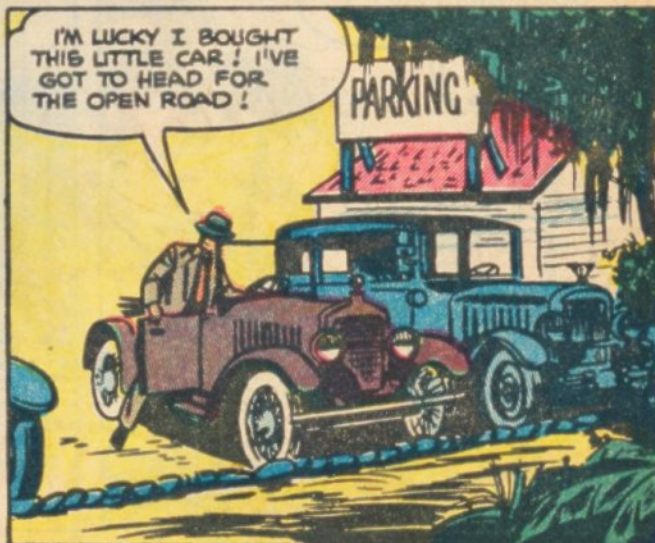
C'MON, HAIRSPRING!



THE DOPE'S BEGINNING TO WORK! HAIRSPRING WILL WIN IN A SNAP!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



CRIME AND JUSTICE

BUT AS "LUCKY" EDDIE WAS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE RACE TRACK GROUNDS --

WHEEE!

THAT TEXAS GUY MUST HAVE CALLED THE COPS! THAT SOUNDS LIKE A POLICE SIREN! BUT I CAN'T MAKE OUT WHICH ROAD THEY'RE COMING DOWN ON!



WELL, I CAN'T JUST SIT HERE, I'LL HAVE TO GAMBLE ON WHICH ROAD TO TAKE. HEADS I GO TO THE LEFT! TAILS TO THE RIGHT.



TAILS...



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, "LUCKY" EDDIE HAD BEEN FORCED INTO MAKING AN HONEST GAMBLE!

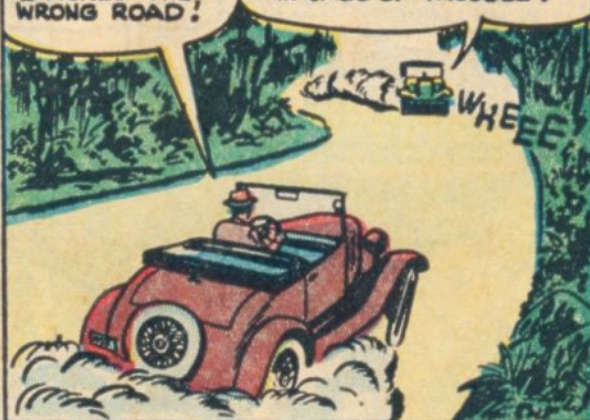
--I GO TO THE RIGHT!



AND IRONICALLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LIFE, HE LOST!

IT'S THE POLICE! I PICKED THE WRONG ROAD!

THERE HE IS NOW! GET YOUR GUNS READY--JUST IN CASE OF TROUBLE!



DON'T SHOOT! I'LL GO ALONG WITH YOU!



I DON'T THINK ANYONE WILL CALL YOU "LUCKY" EDDIE AGAIN, LAM. YOU'RE WANTED FOR MURDER IN TWO STATES!



AND SO ENDED THE CRIME CAREER OF ANOTHER CRIMINAL WHO THOUGHT THE SHORTEST WAY TO THE TOP WAS A CROOKED LINE!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

ROBBERY IN THE SKY...THAT'S HOW A TRIO OF RUTHLESS GUNMEN PLANNED TO UP-DATE THE UNDERWORLD'S BOOK ON CRIME! FOR CLIFF CORKIN AND HIS BOYS KNEW THAT A FOUR-MOTORED GIANT OF THE AIR CAN GET AWFULLY CROWDED WHEN...

THREE'S A MOB!



THE LAST THREE PASSENGERS RACED TOWARD FLIGHT 87, ABOUT TO TAKE OFF FOR THE WEST COAST...

WAITING 'TIL THE LAST
SECOND WAS A SWELL
IDEA—NOW WE KNOW NO
COPPERS GOT ON BOARD!

SAVE YOUR BREATH ...
PUFF! ...FOR WHEN
WE BEGIN OPERATIONS
IN MID-AIR!

SORRY WE'RE SO
LATE, STEWARDESS
...GOT SNARLED UP
IN TRAFFIC!

ANOTHER MINUTE AND YOU'D HAVE MISSED THIS FLIGHT, SIR! WE'RE ALREADY LATE AND...LET ME SHOW YOU TO YOUR SEATS! HURRY AND STRAP ON YOUR BELTS FOR TAKE-OFF!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

A MOMENT LATER FLIGHT 87 THUNDERED DOWN THE RUNWAY, ITS SILVERY NOSE LIFTING INTO THE AIR, ITS PONDEROUS WHEELS WHIRLING FREE OFF THE GROUND..



A HALF HOUR PASSED, AS THE HUGE CRAFT DRONED ON THROUGH SPACE. THEN, WHILE MANY PASSENGERS DOZED ...



TIME. GARY...LET'S GET MOVING! AT THIS SPEED WE'LL SOON BE OVER THE RENDEZVOUS SPOT!

SEVERAL PASSENGERS MOVED UNNOTICED, THEN, SUDDENLY...



I DON'T WANT NO SCREAMING, SEE? YOU JUST SIT TIGHT AND FOLLOW ORDERS AND YOU'LL ALL GET THROUGH THIS ALIVE!

W-WHAT IS THIS? WHY... THAT GUN...YOU MUST BE INSANE!



GRAB THAT DAME AND QUIET HER! AS SOON AS THE CREW FINDS OUT ABOUT...
ARGHHH

CRACK



Y-YOU'LL NEVER GET AWAY WITH THIS, YOU LOUSY THUGS! THIS SHIP HAS A RADIO...

TAKE CARE OF THE BOY SCOUT, PETE! SEE THAT HE DON'T DO NO GOOD DEEDS FOR TODAY! THE REST OF YOU CLAM UP...I GOT ST. VITUS DANCE OF THE TRIGGER FINGER!



ONE MESSAGE TO THE GROUND AND COPS'LL BE ALL OVER THE...
UNGHHHH!

SIT THIS ONE OUT, PAL-- FACE DOWN!

CRIME AND JUSTICE

WHILE MY...UH...MY **SISTER** PASSES AMONGST YOU, I'D APPRECIATE YOUR DROPPING RINGS, WATCHES, BRACELETS AND CASH INTO THE BRIEF CASE! AND DON'T BE NAUGHTY AND HOLD OUT...

P-PLEASE... THIS LOCKET IS AN HEIRLOOM...



GIVE IT HERE, AND DON'T GET SASSY! DO LIKE MY BROTHER SAYS IF YOU WANTA STAY ALIVE!

H-HEY, MISTER...LEMME TALK TO YOU ALONE FOR A MINUTE! WE BOTH WORK THE SAME SIDE OF THE STREET, SEE!



TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF, PUNK! I WARNED YOU TO KEEP YOUR NOSE CLEAN...

Y-YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG! I'M...

AIEEEEE!



WOW! THIS RAT'S REALLY LOADED! WHILE I UNDRESS HIS BANKROLL, YOU PAY A VISIT TO THE CREW!

GOTCHA! I'LL TAKE THE DOOR...



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ROAD, FRIEND! MY... UH...MY **DAUGHTER** HERE IS GONNA DO A LITTLE REPAIR WORK ON YOUR CRYSTAL SET!

W-WAIT! YOU... YOU CAN'T...



CRIME AND JUSTICE

A MOMENT LATER...

TIME WE WAS SHOVING OFF, BROTHER DEAR! WE GOT THE LOOT...THERE'S NO WAY FOR THIS FLYING BOX CAR TO CONTACT THE GROUND...AND WE'RE ALMOST OVER OUR TARGET!

W-WAIT! THAT MONEY YOU TOOK FROM ME...DON'T...



YOU TALK TOO MUCH, PUNK! MEBBE THIS'LL QUIET YOU!

T-THAT DOUGH...

ARGHH!



THE CHUTES BILLOWED OPEN, AND THE DEADLY TRIO DROPPED AWAY FROM FLIGHT 87. A MOMENT LATER...

CUT THE CHUTE LINES SOON AS YOU HIT TERRA FIRMA, BOYS! I THINK I HEAR THE CAR COMING TO PICK US UP! IT'LL BE A PLEASURE FOR ME TO GET OUTTA THESE DAME'S DUDS!



FIFTY MILES AWAY, FLIGHT 87 CAME IN FOR AN EMERGENCY LANDING...

THAT'S WILLY THE WEEPER, ALL RIGHT! HE'S BEEN UNDER SURVEILLANCE FOR WEEKS...SOON AS HE REACHED THE COAST, HE AND HIS PLAYMATES WERE GONNA BE PICKED UP! BUT **THIS**...MEANS A CHANGE OF PLANS! CALL HEADQUARTERS...GET ME A LINE TO ALL SQUAD CARS!



WHILE THE POLICE WIRES CRACKLED OUT THE STORY OF WILLY'S SUDDEN DEATH, CLIFF CORKIN AND HIS BOYS WERE LIVING RIOTOUSLY, THEN, INEVITABLY, THEIR MONEY RAN OUT AND...

THEY'LL NEVER...:PUFF!...SPOT US IN THESE NEW OUTFITS! C'MON...SHE'S PULLING OUT!

FLIGHT 202 READY TO DEPART...



H-HEY, CLIFF! WE'RE NOT THE LAST ONES ABOARD!

TAKE IT EASY, PETE! IT'S JUST SOME CRIPPLED OLD GEEZER, AND HIS MAN FRIDAY! AIN'T YOU AND GARY EVER GONNA BE ABLE TO TELL WHAT A COP LOOKS LIKE. THESE IS JUST PUNKS!



CRIME AND JUSTICE

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES THE HUGE PLANE ROARED WESTWARD. THEN, AT A CURT SIGNAL FROM CLIFF CORKIN...



DON'T NO ONE MOVE...THIS IS SKYWAY ROBBERY! MY PALS'D SHOOT AS SOON AS LOOK AT YOU...SO PLAY BALL WITH US!

BETTER LISSEN TO THE BOSS... START DIGGING UP YOUR JEWELS AND CASH...

YOU'VE ALREADY RUN THROUGH THIS SCRIPT ONCE, CORKIN...LET'S START SHOOTING A DIFFERENT SCENARIO!

T-THE OLD BUZZARD... HE...HE... ARGHHH!



W-WHY, YOU LOUSY OLD CRUM! PULL A GUN ON...

UNGGHH!



GOOD WORK, MEN! SLAP THE CUFFS ON THESE THREE...WHILE THREE OF US CLIMB INTO CHUTES AND MAKE LIKE WE'RE CORKIN'S COMMANDOS! THE PICK-UP PARTY MUST BE WAITING DOWN THERE SOMEWHERE!



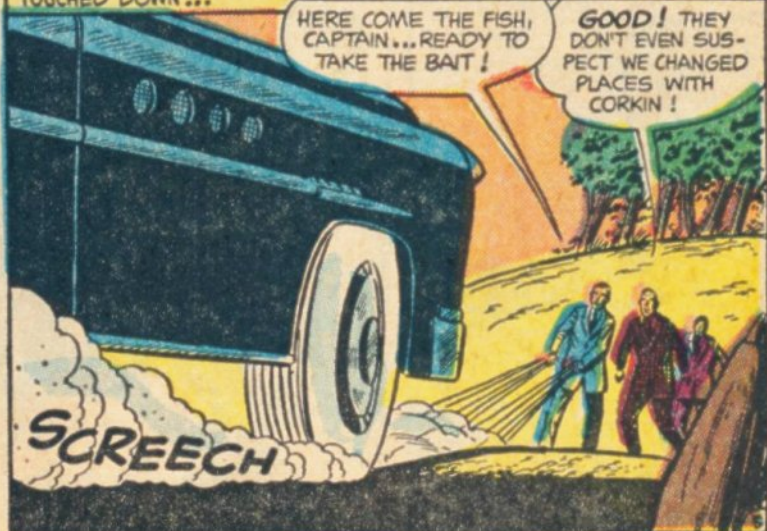
A MOMENT LATER, WHILE THE BE-WILDERED SKYWAY ROBBERS WERE BEING MANACLED, THREE MASQUERADERS STEPPED OUT INTO SPACE...



SWIFTLY THE CHUTISTS PLUNGED EARTHWARD. THEN, SOON AFTER THEY TOUCHED DOWN...

HERE COME THE FISH, CAPTAIN...READY TO TAKE THE BAIT!

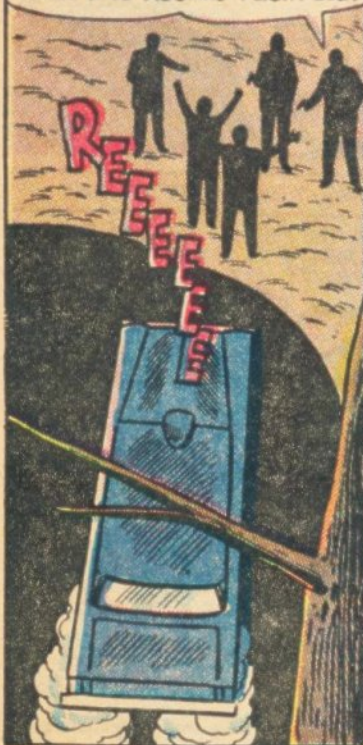
GOOD! THEY DON'T EVEN SUSPECT WE CHANGED PLACES WITH CORKIN!



CRIME AND JUSTICE



THE PLANE MUST'VE CONTACTED THE GROUND...HERE COMES A LOCAL POLICE CAR! SLAP THE CUFFS ON THESE CRUMBS... THEY'RE GOING TO HAVE A REUNION IN A FEW MINUTES WITH THEIR THREE PALS ABOARD FLIGHT 202!



THE POLICE CAR SPEEDS TO A NEARBY LANDING STRIP, WHERE FLIGHT 202 HAS SET DOWN...

THE BANKROLL YOU HEISTED FROM THE MAN YOU KILLED ON YOUR LAST JOB, CORKIN...IT PICKED YOU OUT LIKE A SEARCHLIGHT! YOUR VICTIM WAS WILLY THE WEEPER...THE NOTORIOUS **COUNTER-FEITER!** WE TRACED THE BILLS TO YOU, THEN JUST WAITED FOR YOU TO TRY ANOTHER JOB!



FUNNY, ISN'T IT? A GANG OF FOUL BALLS...TRIPPED UP BY A ROLL OF PHONEY MONEY THEY STOLE! IT'S NOT THE SORT OF GAG CORKIN AND HIS BOYS WILL LAUGH AT! THEY WERE **FLYING HIGH** FOR A WHILE...FROM NOW ON THEY'LL BE **STRICTLY GROUNDED!**





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